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Creative Emergence

An Honors Thesis (HONRS 499)

by

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A One-Night Stand

My legs spread out before them
They kneel at my altar
and proclaim their undying faith.

They taste my wine
And sample my flesh.

Opening my ornate, stained glass doors
They enter my temple

And I am raised to the level of a God.

We float into Afterlife
Numbed upon waves of Cuervo and Dark Eyes
And are reborn as fuzzy-mouthed, bleary-eyed babes.

These Heretics now disclaim Me
And they become the shattered, broken fragments of bone
Of the skeletons in my closets.

i can still feel you

feel your strong fingers tangled in my hair
feel your warm breath against my neck
feel your moist lips upon mine

i can still feel you

feel your stubbled chin scratching my soft cheek
feel your calloused fingertips tracing my silky thighs
feel the beating of your racing heart beneath my outstretched hand

i can still taste you

taste the trace of salt upon your skin
taste the sweetness of your lips
taste the tears that dripped from your silken lashes

i can still smell you

smell the shampoo in you hair, still wet from the shower
smell the sweet exhale of breath upon your lips
smell your naturally musky scent, more arousing than cologne

i can still hear you

hear the low gravel of your voice, whispering in my ear
hear the rumble of your quiet laughter
hear you singing to me in the car

i can still see you

see the mischievous twinkle in your grey-green eyes
see the lopsided grin upon your lips
see the blond strand of hair fallen across your forehead

i can still feel the heat of your body pressed against mine.

all senses dulled, my tears melt the frozen earth

all i feel is my cheek pressed against the forbidding cold stone of your grave.

Her blinding innocence, brighter than the noonday sun
Stripped away slowly over the past year
A bright college coed from a home-grown town
With her gentle ways and light heart
Weighted down by the dirty touch of these men
Her dark blonde hair bleached to sunlit perfection
Her creamy white skin darkened to a leathery bronze
The rounded curves of youth shed to reveal
Hardened, angular muscles
She slinks about the stage, her back arched
In cat-like perfection
Poised. Ready to pounce.
The giggling, bouncing of youth gone
Taken by this dark, smoke-filled cavern
Ripped away
Like the lacy bra she dangles from her fingertips

She tosses it aside
Like the shattered memories of easier days
Days when she dreamed of romances,
Happy endings and princes on white horses
There is no light left in her
Creamy, chocolate-brown eyes
Only an occasional glimmer, a spark
A hope to someday forget
Forget the faces of these nameless men
The lustful wanting in their eyes
The rancid stank
And bourbon breath
The coarse, calloused feel of their groping hands
Their moist, sweaty foreheads against her bared breasts
Forget all she has seen, learned, lost

And remember all that she has gained.

Blond hair bleached to straw-like perfection.
Body bronzed to a creamy cocoa brown.
Taunt, muscled legs glide effortlessly
Around the Dancer's Pole.
It is the ultimate phallic symbol
Fueling fantasies and arousing apparitions.
She tantalizes men for tips
Teetering about clad only in a thong
And five- inch stiletto heels.
She is the queen of the deck
The jewel in the owner's crown
She brightens the stage of Joker's Wild
More blinding than any spotlight
More dazzling than any star

Someday I will find you.
The father I never saw
The siblings I never knew existed.

Someday I will find you.
And force you to reclaim
What is rightfully yours.

Someday I will find you.
And make you sorry for all the years
You allowed to come between us.

Someday I will find you.
And share all the tears
I shed without you.

Someday I will find you.
And you will regret
All the pain you have ever caused me.

Someday I will find you.
And I will be beautiful, rich, and successful
And you'll fall instantly in love with me.

Someday I will find you.
And you will want me to stay with you
And I will leave you

As alone as you left me.

Father

Should I call you Father?
Your face I have never seen.
Your hugs I have never felt.
I have never received
Your affection
Your support
Your praise
Or your love.

You are a complete mystery to me.
Something beyond my realm of understanding.
All of my instincts force me
To reject you
To hate you.
Yet there exists some small feeling deep inside of me
Which cries out for your acceptance.
Someone I can call
My Father.

denial

she never believed me.
when i told her what he did to us,
mama would just turn her pale blue eyes to the ground
deep lines would outline her frown

but she refused to believe.

his silence smothered us.
his heavy hand left bruises deeper than the purple, welted flesh
acidic tears burnt pathways down our cheeks
and the heavy pounding of our hearts
echoed through the dark hallways of the house

his harsh tongue
and scathing glare
haunted our thoughts

but she refused to believe.

DON'T CALL ME DAUGHTER

I WON'T CALL YOU FATHER
YOU'RE NOT FIT TO BE
THE PICTURE SERVES TO REMIND ME.

DON'T CALL ME DAUGHTER
YOU HAVE NOT EARNED
THE LOVE YOU WILL NEVER LEARN.

lacking

You try so hard to ease my pain, but your efforts are always lacking
The stress and anguish I feel does not vanish with the sound of your voice.
Your warm embrace does not soothe my chills or warm my heart.
Your loving gaze does not please me.

Your tender touch fails to excite me.
Your lips do not melt upon mine
Our bodies do not achieve ecstasy.

My heart no longer pounds in anticipation.
My hands no longer quiver

I feel no love, no hate, nothing

You're not the easiest person to love.
You can lie
With an unwavering eye
And steady hands.

The love that flows from your heart
Into my eyes
Never makes it past
Your steely glare.

In heated arguments
Your muscles
Tense and flex
Hardening your body and my heart.

You reek of anger and hate
Your breath
Quick and shallow
Lowers the gravel of your voice.

I wonder why I bother
To keep us in love
Until I feel your warm skin
Pressed against mine.

We sleep in bed together
Fetal position
Wrapped around each other
Sealed away from the rest of the world.

And I wonder why we ever fight.

Forgotten

I saw you the other day
And you looked through me with a stony gaze
There was no recognition.
No smile lightened your eyes
Your lips did not curve into a pleased grin
As your eyes met mine
There was no sign of recognition.

You did not seem to recall
The nights I lay in your bed
Open to all suggestions.

The days of conversation and amusement
And afternoons of subtle innuendoes.

I asked you the time.
My heart pounding beneath my casual facade.

My hand trembled when I waved goodbye,
trying to escape your unfeeling eyes,
so devoid of the love they once might have felt.

I slipped out of sight, watching you retreat.
You gracefully strolled away.....

never looking back.

Sun-kissed hair
Dark, inquisitive brows
Long silken lashes shielding
Mischievous, liquid green eyes
The sharp nose with a twist
Sweeping, graceful cheekbones
Reddish, blond beard framing
Smooth pink lips
Broad shoulders
Muscled torso
Narrow waist
Strong, athletic legs support
The frame of love.

Memories of sun-kissed skies
and starlit nights

Fireflies illuminated the
subtle curves of our bodies

Intertwined in fields of gold

Bathed by the milky white glow of the moon
My hand becomes yours
My body becomes yours
My heart becomes yours

I ache in your absence.
My chest tightens in distress.
I drift back to tender moments.
Silent times engulfed in the warmth of your flesh.
Drowning in the green sea of your eyes.
Fear grips my heart as I realize the miracle
Of what lies besides me in bed at night.
Of what strokes my cheek with a soft fingertip.

Of all I have to lose.

Graduation

Anticipation building to the final day.
Trembling hands and a beating heart
Headaches and heartaches
Stress-filled days and sleepless nights

Nicotine fits and caffeine highs
Nights of drunken relief
A final flurry of activity
To fulfill years of commitment

All tasks completed- to a certain degree
The morning begins with a tear.
Donning the black robe and cardboard hat,
The journey begins..... and ends.

Mandy

Mandy was my childhood idol.

She was the first to be kissed.

The first to be touched.

The first to lie in the backseat of an old, rebuilt Mustang.

I remember her clad only in faded wranglers
with the knees worn white
and her old flannel shirt, buttons missing.

With dirt-smeared faces and wild, tangled hair
We did it all
King of the Mountain
Around the World
Hide and Seek
Spin the Bottle.

We ran amuck
until the first streetlight burned bright
and a high-pitched whistle caught our ears.

We would smile and wave, racing our separate ways
anxious for the start of a new day.

I will always see her as the child she was
And not the woman she has grown to be.

For when we meet, the years melt away
Behind her mature smile I see her as she was.

The grubby girl in the worn-out clothes
Tousled blond hair hanging in her innocent eyes.

the wind whips through her tangled, long blond hair
her muscled legs pump the worn pedals of her pink huffy bicycle
big banana seat, faded silver bell and colorful spokes
blur into one as she speeds down the last hilltop

heading home with the sunset

jump the curb and toss the bike into the damp grass
all in one swift motion
faded Keds pound the worn wooden steps
and short, grubby fingertips reach for the torn screen door

the warm aroma of dinner drifts to her tiny, upturned nose
and she is greeted with the sounds of laughter and conversation
from her family encircling the ancient planked table

The puppy's silky black fur.
Little pudgy fingers
Caress tiny silken ears,
The gentle curve of its neck.

The warm pounding of its heart
His sweet puppy smell
A coarse pink tongue
The sharp points of his teeth

He was the runt of the litter.
Last in line to eat
Slower than the rest
Not quite coordinated.

His fall down the basement steps
Left him paralyzed from the waist down.
He would pitifully drag himself across the tile floor,
His back legs uselessly trailing behind.

Mama said it wasn't fair.
Told me to pick another puppy from the pack.
Mine took a ride to the vet
And never came back.

I never chose another pup.
None other could
Feel that soft, or smell that sweet.
No other puppy but mine.

Haikus

Toasted autumn leaves
Tumble lightly to the earth
Brought by sweet breezes

Skeletons of trees
Frame a frozen horizon
Warding winter's chill

Exploding color
Spring reveals brilliant displays
Demanding our awe

THE RAPIDS

CASCADING RIPPLES

FOAMY COAST

TORNADO OCEAN

MOSSY, MOIST

THRASHING WINDS

GUTTING SANDY

PEAKS, ROCKS

LIVING, CHURNING

EVER-CHANGING

ALL-CONSUMING

Venus

Curves smooth as silk
Lips cherry red
Tasting of the sweetest wine

Warm scent of lilac upon her skin
Tender, fleshy thighs
Reacting to the slightest touch

Feathered lashes
Upon rosy cheeks
The faintest blush

Arms outstretched
Rounded breasts
Swollen belly

Ringlets of curls
Tumble down her shoulders
Like a worn blanket on a harsh winter night

The feeling of sickness invades me.
It seeps through my pores and rides the waves of my pumping blood.
The numb cloud over my brain
blocks the sun of thought, of reason, of understanding.
It rains down on my body, drowning the sharp tapping of the typewriter.
The syrupy-green liquid burns its way down my throat.
Funny enough, it reminds me of anti-freeze,
fighting to dethaw the frozen flood of germs in my soul.
I wait for the sleep to come, as the hot liquid burns its way through me.
I am engulfed in its warmth; it covers me like a soft, well-used quilt.
I let go....allowing my body to sink into the warm seas of my bed.

Facade

I made a mistake.

I told him I loved him.

I gave him
my mind
my heart
my soul
my body

I cried in his arms
stripped naked
physically
emotionally

It wasn't enough.

Love is a two-way street
filled with bumps, curves,
ultimately a dead end

A picture-book romance of
roses, poetry, small gifts and trinkets
whispered words of tender thoughts

Gentle caresses
moments of mutual silence
total abandonment of inhibitions
complete sharing of ideas,
memories
dreams

Misinterpreted words,
misunderstood gestures
slice the most vulnerable
piece of your soul

Like is thought to be love
Love is withdrawn
weakness are exposed

The grand facade of friendship is maintained
when inside all you want is to be held again

"Death Becomes Her," he had once said.
As her fiery lips faded from red
Her pasty white skin formed a frost
Her silken black hair held its gloss
She was too beautiful for his touch
And he had loved her far too much.
His mouth formed a smile one last time,
Before his lips tasted the poisonous wine.

Jenny's First Lover

Jennifer- what a common name for a typical, red- blooded American princess. She had long, straight golden blond hair and cerulean- blue eyes. She had gone to a private school until now, where Mommy and Daddy could protect her from all of the world's evils. It was her junior year of high school and she had finally convinced her parents to allow her to attend public school. Besides, it was the trendy thing to do. All of the other parents were doing it, and her parents could not be left out.

She felt wildly rebellious, shedding the ugly plaid of her wool skirt for a tight pair of faded blue jeans and a snug cotton pullover. Her hair flowed loosely around her shoulders, not pulled back to tighten her aristocratic profile. She crossed the threshold of the high school as if entering a new life.

Of course the boys noticed her. The hormones trapped in the small body of a teenage boy did not let much go unnoticed. One face in particular caught her attention. He was everything she was not. His thick black hair was a little long in the front, giving him an unkempt look as it hid part of his face. His dark eyes caressed her body, actually causing a slight blush to creep across her delicate white skin. He seemed to have a shadow of scruff across his face, which only fascinated her more. She passed by, her head bowed, trying to conceal her smile. She was beautiful, but still awkward, still unsure of her own body and what she was feeling, and he thrived upon her naivete.

He pursued her, bumping her in the hall, talking to her new circle of friends, learning all he could about her. He was a few years older and sure of his dark looks and tight body. He saw her as a game, a conquest. He wanted to be the one to educate her about herself and all he had to offer her.

He became her prince charming and upheld the facade of a picture book romance. Flowers, poetry, whispered words of tender thoughts. She had grown up reading about how love was supposed to be, and obviously he had studied these books feverishly. She was not prepared for the sweaty, awkward fumbings in the backseat of his mustang, nor the drive behind his hot, Italian blood. Her body responded, which only scared her more, and she felt like she was being carried away on waves of emotion and desire. Logic was lost and she felt she no longer had control of the situation.

When it was all over, her mind shut down. Too much had happened for her to comprehend, to accept. The beauty of her fantasy world of love and romance had been shattered. Fragments of it lay scattered about, like the time she had dropped her crystal figurine and the pieces of it lay about her feet. She remembered how she had been afraid to step anywhere, afraid she would cut herself on one of the pieces. She felt that way now. She couldn't take a step back, before any of this had happened. She couldn't make it all disappear. And she didn't dare take a step forward. She was much too afraid of what else might happen to her.

Later, after she escaped the dank confines of that car and was surrounded by the safety of her pink canopy bed, the tears came. They streamed down her face, creating rivers of experience, of knowledge, of realization. A vital, sacred piece of her had been lost tonight. She had glimpsed a small portion of reality, and was grateful in a bizarre, twisted way.

She began to yawn, wiping roughly at her face. Sleep began to win out, numbing any regrets, or doubts. Yeah, tomorrow was another school day, and she'd have to get up early.

Misty's Second Lover

Misty never quite recovered from her first time. The sexually adept, yet obscure Joe was never heard from again. But she was not surprised. Now, love was the last thing on her mind that night in the bar with her friends. She felt as if she had given in to reckless abandon, and hoped that it would finally relieve her of the aching she felt for him. Him... the one she could never have. She had tried the good girl routine, and it had only brutally stung her, like a bee concealed by a beautiful, exotic flower.

That night at the bar had released a part of her she never knew existed. She became an active participant in the weekly quest to find a new lover. The darker, seedier side of her personality had finally prevailed. She was determined to forget about her true love, the one she would never win. She ultimately became a topless go-go dancer at a local dive, and would reward her highest tipper at the night's end. She had some standards, she would not give it to just anyone. He couldn't be too old, or too unattractive, or too hairy. God, she hated those Neanderthal men with hair on their backs who came into the place dripping with the scent of testosterone.

Her second lover after Joe was a young, naive college boy whose frat brothers had decided to reward him on his 21st birthday. He was painfully shy and could not even meet her eyes as she tried to seduce him with the curves of her body and her tight pink flesh. He would quickly redden and begin to giggle from the numbness of his tenth beer. She coaxed him on stage and began to undress him, to the delight of his friends, who had not expected this from their tip.

Later, as they all stumbled out the door, she met the shy boy at his car and whispered something in his ear that made his eyes widen and his pulse race. His friends egged him on as he obediently took her outstretched hand and followed her up the back stairs of the bar. He grinned at the soiled, musty cot inside and the single bare bulb dangling from the ceiling. In the morning, he found himself on the floor of his fraternity bedroom, with only the smell of her perfume and stains of her lipstick to remind him the night had ever really happened.

Darla's Third Lover

The coarse tip of his finger traced the sharp line of her jaw. He worked at a book warehouse and handling those boxes all day long had toughened his palms, made his hands seem rough against her silky skin. Her heart melted as she recognized the look in his eyes. Where had she seen that same intense gaze before. Never in Ken's eyes. No. Only reflected in the mirror as she looked at herself and thought of that particular demigod. Where else? Had she seen it in the eyes of that poor boy she teased and seduced that night in the bar? True, his eyes had moistened with possible tears as she had edged him quickly out the door, but had it been *that* look? No. It was definitely more lustful than this look. She feared this new prospective lover sitting across from her at the table. They had escaped to what had become their favorite old diner in the past few months. At first it had been a helpless diversion from all the pain she had endured and inflicted. Now, though...

"Darla...Will you come with me?" His voice was very low, and very steady.

"Jake, don't. You know it will change everything and I really am not in the mood to deal with all of that again."

"Deal with all what? I am not Ken. I'll be there in the morning and any morning after that."

She bowed her head and considered his offer. Reality was much more intense sober, without the warmth of the vodka and gin to smooth out her conscience and coat her heart. She could never hurt Jake that way and desperately wanted to believe he would not hurt her. Yes, this one felt right. She would be o.k. this time. Besides, the rising sensation between her thighs urged her to take Jake's hand and guide him out of the diner, toward her small apartment a few blocks away.

With Jake, she felt something she never had with Ken or the nameless man she met in the bar. The very scent of him drove her mad, yet she was satisfied by his slow caresses and the deliberate force behind his thrusts. She smiled to herself as they finished and drifted off to sleep almost immediately. She awoke early to find Jake staring at her, and it scared and pleased her to find that same look in his eyes.